THE DREAM-GOD,

OR

A SINGULAR EVOLVEMENT

OF

THOUGHT IN SLEEP.

BY JOHN CUNINGHAM.

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TO MY FRIENDS.

Although requested by a number of you at various times to write this condensed narrative of an event in my life, associated with much misfortune, sadness and suffering which have continued for some years, it was not until during a lonely period of quietude at Brooklyn, N. Y., in the summer of 1872, *that I made the effort. I do not expect the public to give much credence or interest to the matter, but to you who know me I can trustingly give the assurance that this little book is an unaffected and truthful production. It is published as an affectionate memorial to you of mutual esteem and friendship.*

JOHN CUNINGHAM,
of So. Ca.

April, 1873.

A SINGULAR EVOLVEMENT OF THOUGHT IN SLEEP.

A REMARKABLE DREAM.

The peculiar and startling effect of morphine on a person unaccustomed to its administration, was happily illustrated in the instance of a gentleman to whom, under its influence, (about three eighths of a grain,) the dream to be related occurred. This individual, (a South Carolinian resident on a plantation,) a few years ago, had lately received a severe and extensive burn, which confined him to his bed six months. An allusion by him in a casual conversation in the city of New York recently to the eventful dream and its circumstances, brought out a solicitation to him to write its narrative, which in substance he here gives.

One evening in midwinter, a few weeks after the accident, the almost exhausted sufferer, having taken the prescribed nightly dose of morphine, fell asleep.

THE DREAM-GOD.

PART I.

THE sleep was serene, the mind active, and the dream promptly and vividly supervened. A being in the form of a handsome and matured man, full of *esprit*, in a white and easy-fitting garment, with bright, broad and sweeping wings coming out from each side of his back below the shoulders, appeared to the patient at his bedside, and announced to him that he was the Spirit of Morphine, of a heavenly and *immortal* nature, and that he had come to carry him on an aerial voyage over many parts of the world, to show him many attractive regions and things, to introduce him to various races, royal personages, distinguished celebrities, etc.

The sleeper with surprise inquired, "How can I go with this stricken and impotent body?"

The Immortal replied, "You must leave your body here; your spiritual being can accompany me."

Sleeper.—"But I fear that before my return my friends may see and regard my inanimate body as dead, and bury it."

Immortal.—"Fear not. I will restore you in due time to your body; and I will prepare you for our adventures as I am prepared."

Thus assured, the somnipathist crept gently out, headway, from his "mortal coil," glided over the headboard of his bedstead, glanced back upon his sleeping frame in his very image, then sprang lithely to the sill of the window, where the sash had already been thrown up by the Morpheus, and finding himself equipped with needed dress and wings, soared with his companion into the air.

Immortal.—"What route do you prefer?"

Mortal.—"I wish to have a birdseye view of Charleston, (once my home,) by gas-light and then toward the Arctic Pole."

The aerial *voyageurs* were, as if in a moment, hovering in a slow, scrutinizing flight over Charleston, with stars above, and looking as upon stars below; and in front, athwart the ocean, a long line of light, gleaming from a newly-risen moon, invited their quickened pin-

ions into the illimitable spaces over the far-bounded deep. Curving in a wide ocean-sweep northward, and moving with lightning-speed, they perceived, although having a full sense of comfort, varying currents of icy gales and warm breezes; and from their transparent height saw beneath them the dark, girdling strata of cyclone hurricanes, or sheeny, swathe-clouds of crystal congelations; or, within their extended girdles, broad, oval areas of clear-rolling sea, and far down, by a peculiar dim lighting of its depths, the plains, hills and vales it immersed, and the myriad tribes of the deep in their amazing animate forms.

Mortal.—"I would see the borealis."

Immortal.—"You shall, anon."

The dream seemed to change. The parties suddenly found themselves lying in open sea-shells, structured to their lengths and sizes, floating side by side on a tranquil waste of waters, feet foremost, heads pillowed, and eyes bent upward and northward. A lowered and murky sky appeared as a dun-colored ceiling, of little height above them; and they were thoughtful, and in low tones they occasionally uttered weird thoughts on life—mankind—earth—God. A drowsy moment ensues. Then slowly lifts the gloomy canopy, and along the

distant northern horizon, the fog having rapidly disappeared, a lengthened arc of whitish light spans itself. The heavens are again clear. From the bright arc dart upward along their northern hemisphere radiant streams of every lighter hue, and in incessant changeful brilliancy—a panoramic spread of incanescent splendors. A whirl of cold, shimmering light dashes around and over towering icebergs, and amazes the eye. It closes, and when again it opens, the Arctic travellers find themselves soaring aloft, and they look upon an open, calm, unfrozen polar sea.* The Spirit of Morphine remarks: "You now see, and will see, things unknown to man. This comparative warmth comes from the fire and glowing heat in the bowels of the earth, as you will soon ascertain."

They move on; they are at the Pole; the north star is in the zenith. A magnetic needle appears hanging in mid-air, like the visioned dagger before Macbeth, and dips southward and westward toward the other—the magnetic—pole, degrees away. A glare disturbs the eye, and terrible sounds surround

* This sea was then unknown to the dreamer. His dream revealed to him its existence. He thought it a delusion, until he heard of its discovery.

them. Behold! the Pole is a large cylindrical aperture (miles in diameter) in our globe, down through which are seen the molten mass and fiery flame within the crust of earth! The watery billows, like a whirlpool, surge in loud roar around its circumferent shore, but enter not; and a column of heat ever rushes on the Arctic air.

A cry of terror and awe escapes from the sleeper. He is conscious of it, but does not awake. The dream resumes.

They are now flying southward, and the somnipathist has a vision (a dream in this dream) of a midsummer circling sun shining a day of months. They view the peculiarities of Iceland, examine the maelstrom, (that singular natural wonder, gurgitating into another earth-aperture, off Norway,) and comprehend by a glance Lapland, Norway and Sweden, their curiosities, peoples, customs, etc. There is not time or space for details. They are *en voyage* for the Court of Russia.

They alight at the Winter Palace of the Czar.

The Immortal with his pupil enters with free and commanding port—obstructions vanish. A festive scene of splendor—gayety, glitter and ceremony commingled—is at its height. Through the maze of an amazed,

gorgeous, throng, they advance to the Emperor, surrounded by rank and beauty; and through the influence of a celestial majesty more enthralling than his own, they secure his deferential and cordial attention. Then follows a confused but charming association with "beautiful women and brave men," amid all social bewitcheries.

The scene changes. They are seated in a small, ice-crystal* *salon*, glistening on all sides except the carpeted floor, with the Emperor and his prime minister alone, all exhilarant with wine, and now sipping the potent subtlety of China's most famed and fragrant tea, priced at its weight in gold. The philosophy of government, from a republican standpoint, rushes upon the soul of the American, and he exclaims to the mighty potentate of all the Russias:

"How can your humanity conscientiously hold and wield the power of imperial despotism?"

Emperor.—"The one-man power in the light and dignity of a *principle*, appeals to reason and fascinates the soul. It is the true

* This refers to the once famous palace, built of blocks of ice, in St. Petersburg.

theory of human government. I am God's vicegerent, as king and priest, for the well-being and good order of my people."

Prime Minister.—"This system derives its type from the One-God control of the universe. It has divinity from above, it has patriarchal sanction here below. It can bear comparison with its opposite extreme in absolutism—a pure democracy, the mere many-power, unrestrained, unregulated and uninstructed. What is more irresponsible, more selfishly callous, more heedlessly unstable, and more grinding than the vulgar tyranny of a bare popular majority? Extremes meet and have a singular affinity; it is the secret of the growing friendship between Russia and the United States."

American.—"Ha! Our American people are not a mass democracy. The United States are republics federated under a Constitution—a system which excludes both your extremes."

Prime Minister.—"Indeed!"

Immortal.—"There is a golden mean for all finite governments. Uncontrolled power is only for the Infinite."

Emperor.—"Is even political self-government a *right?*"

American.—"Surely mankind is entitled to it and should possess it."

Immortal.—"No! Self-government is the eventual prize of intelligence and virtue. The ignorant or vicious are incapable of it. In the meantime, it is the *privilege* of the human race to secure it by attempered wisdom, and to guard it against the passions and ignorance of the many, the few, or the one. Goodness in the use of power, more than the form of government, is the great desideratum. Seek most to elevate the mind and heart of man!"

American to *Emperor.*—"Sire! it is then your best mission to *do well your part!*"

PART II.

FAREWELLS are spoken. The *voyageurs* are again a-wing. They reach the Arctic along the vast Siberian coast. There the cold is most intense, and of the frozen regions it is the wildest and grandest. A shimmering light seems to permeate it ever, even in its darkest periods. The ice presents plains, abysses, mountains. Everywhere are the débris of long-frozen animals. Over its dry waste of congealed waters, the fierce blasts, as if by frictional action on its rugged surfaces, ever generate electrical phenomena. In midwinter and darkness, scintillating flashes gleam along them in the nether air. Such was their vision.

The disembodied, as one startled, exclaims: "See yon iceberg like a mountain of glass. What is that within it? It resembles the carcass of a dead animal, but it is too huge. It is at least sixty feet long, and of elephantine proportions."

Immortal.—"It is an ancient specimen of the behemoth (B'Hemoth) tribes. Its species is extinct. Its bulk is many times that of the mastodon. Its massive ivory tusks are similar to those of the walrus. Its remains have been frozen in there for thousands of years. Putrescence is here unknown."

Mortal.—"What wonders! Can this be nature?"

Immortal.—"We are approaching others."

Mortal.—"Yes, look! What a vast lizard or crocodile yonder encased five hundred feet long! But I see fins, also."

Immortal.—"It is of the primeval species of *sauroid* fish. It has been frozen during cycles of time. This region was once warmer. Nature's changeful developments are a curious mystery to man, but it ever unfolds in increasing knowledge."

They wheel southward—anon traverse Chinese Tartary—sweep over the Chinese wall, and alight in Pekin. They poise themselves on a lofty pagoda.

Mortal.—"These Chinese are a mysterious people. I am curious about them. That wall was a great enterprise in its day, and a singular one."

Immortal.—"They are a swarm from an an-

cient human hive, and have long been numerous and astute. They have been, and are superior to the average of mankind, but inferior to the more illumined and most cultivated. Their numbers and limited geographic sphere have made them feel want; yet their inventions, although multiplied, have been petty, fanciful, crude and clumsy contrivances to meet emergency, in comparison with the grander discoveries and more studied and beautiful designs of other and higher civilizations. *Necessity* has stimulated their cunning, but precludes their reflection; it has pinched their faculties, as the 'iron shoe' has their feet. Their mental contraction has been rendered more compressive by their moral and spiritual defects. They have had no conception of a God, *per se*. It is the conception which most expands man!"

Mortal.—"But this pagoda (truly it is a grotesque structure!) is a temple devoted to some worship."

Immortal.—"It is a fane of the merest idolatry, and dedicated to idols, 'of the earth, earthly,' not to any images which are even typical of divine *essences*. But of this, anon."

Mortal.—"The Chinese have, however, a demi-god—their 'Celestial Emperor.'"

Immortal.—"Yes, he is their immediate authority, temporal and spiritual. Yet he and his mandarins, alike with his subjects, are constrained, by the dominancy of twenty-four centuries of veneration for the great Chinese philosopher and moralist, Koong-Foo-tse, (latinized, Confucius,) to worship in the temples dedicated to that extraordinary statesman and expounder. This pagoda is one of these temples, which have been reared in all chief cities and towns. His 'nine books' constitute the creed and code—the bible—of the 'Celestial Empire,' and you will deem it a singular fact that they contain no mention of a Creator—no allusion to God."

Mortal.—"It is indeed strange for so intelligent a people. All other peoples have some kind of a belief and worship of a Supreme Being. Hark! I hear sounds from below—I hear chants!"

Immortal.—"Yes, they are from the Emperor and his court, performing idol-service, offering fruits, wines, flowers and fancy articles, and now singing chants. We will witness their return to the palace, and then visit them."

Soon the vision embraced a scene of Oriental pomp—a pageant, with its ceremonies, gorgeous displays and vain-glorious crudities.

This narrative must dispense with the description, nor could the reader be made to receive the impression produced on the visitor from the West, while gazing on the dramas of the East.

His Celestial Majesty—"brother of the sun and cousin of the stars"—is now enthroned in his extended residence, amid princely persons, political potentates and priestly dignitaries, surrounded by every burnishment and administered to by varied flattery and all servility. The *voyageurs* suddenly appear before and among them.

Emperor.—"Ha! what means this intrusion? Chamberlain of the Palace, accursed Mandarin! you shall lose your life for this. How came these persons into the Celestial Presence without permission and the salaam reverences? Hold! they have wings! Can they be Celestial? Spirit of Koong-Foo-tse! come, protect, guard us! Let all the great gongs be beaten! let dreadful sounds frighten them away!"

The Immortal, with a gesture, awes all into silence and composure.

American to Emperor.—"Man, what mean these presumptions? What does your ridiculous and despotic power claim?"

Emperor.—"Not read the 'Books!' Read them. My power is immemorial and supreme. Yang and Yn, time and Koong-Foo-ste have founded it—yes, founded it on the analogy of parental authority, which they declare absolute. The nation is my family, and I am its father. I am sole entitled ruler, and I am—holy and sacred! Nor will I have contact with strangers and barbarians."

American.—"What means he? What of Confucius?"

Immortal.—"Confucius was a Chinaman, who lived 550 years before Christ. He was a teacher of morals, rather than a founder of religion. For those dark ages, he was an extraordinary man; he was great as a philosopher, a moralist and a statesman. He made no pretence to inspiration. He inculcated the training of the physical system. The five elements, fire, water, wood, metal and earth (he called them *Kings*) were the basis of his system of philosophy. He maintained that the universe was generated by the union of two *material* principles—a heavenly and an earthly—Yang and Yn—but there is no mention of a Creator in his system. Man, he asserted, fell from purity and happiness by his own act; and by his own act he can or must recover them. His politi-

cal system, which is one of pure despotism, has been give by the Emperor. Spirit of Koong-Foo-ste, come forth!"

The apparition of Confucius here takes visible shape, and startles the assembly. The other or American immaterialized human, addresses him:

"Confucius, thy soul has now learned wisdom. How is it, that in life your great reason did not perceive and conceive that there must be and was a Being, all wise, all powerful, all good, eternal, and with His infinity universally present—the God and Creator?"

Confucius.—"*I had no revelation!*"

Immortal.—"Creation itself suggests and proves a Creator; it is His greatest revelation. The dual-elements in man (mind and matter,) should recognize His existence and essence."

Confucius.—"I dimly perceived that there were *two* principles, but not precisely those of good and evil. *I did not reason sufficiently at large. I thought only of earth, not of religion; of the material, not the divine.* Zoroaster surpassed me in these regards."

American.—"Emperor, the hand-writing of destroying Fate is on your wall. The hands of hundred of millions will pull it down. God will send light, by the invading influence of

the 'outside barbarians' of the far West, to scatter the darkness from your land. Your dynasty is doomed."

The spectre of Confucius nods confirmation, and disappears.

The *voyageurs* pass out, and soar into the air.

Intense cimmerian darkness now seems to prevail everywhere, and the aerialists see themselves, as it were from a distance, flying as illumined transparent shapes through it. Afar off, and in another land, there is seen a small luminous spot on the horizon.

"What is yon bright object?"

"It is the 'Temple of the Sun.'"

The speed of thought brings them to its full view. They swoop down; and pause in riveted contemplation of the sublime pile.

What a house, built by supposed hands! It is a structure from masses of the purest crystal; a mile long; two-thirds of a mile broad; a half-mile high to its eaves. A steeple, itself of a mile's height and of beautiful proportions, towers with a superb aplomb a mile and a half above its front base. It is radiant with a whitish internal illumination, that shoots its apex of light upward to the dark empyrean. Over a central point of the

temple, a third distance from its rear, a lofty dome uplifts in grand majesty its imposing symmetry, and from which hangs pendent within, a vast globular light resembling and sacred to the sun, permeating and illuming with its golden rays the mighty mass. The double-tinted splendor of the *tout ensemble*, thrilled with rapture even an immortal soul! Above the dome, and from a staff like the lightning's streak, floated a tri-colored *oriflamme*—a rainbow flag.

"One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes,
"One the blue depth of seraph's eyes,
"One, the pure spirit's veil of white
"Had robed in radiance of its light;
"The three so mingled did beseem
"The texture of a heavenly dream."

The occasion is a holy period to a people in southern Asia, of whom tens of thousands throng the columned interior. The flying visitors enter. Their eyes are instantly attracted upward to the high-vaulted ceiling, appearing like a slightly concaved sky, and of a deep cerulean hue, studded with stars (mystic phenomenon!) as if in deference to night.

In the centre of the vast tessellated floor is a colossal opalescent human statue, typical of and dedicated to the God of Light, seated on a purple throne bordered with plates of gold—

the whole eight hundred feet high, and the figure in a commanding attitude, and as dispensing wisdom and exacting reverence. A space around it is paled by a balustrade of sapphire. Behind it, on the wall to the East, is pictured in marvellous glory the rising sun. In its front, outside the sapphire enclosure and toward an entrance in the West, is a broad low altar of polished granite. On it are piled votive offerings of flowers—creatures of the sun.

Emblematic frescoes of light in varying hues, play over and adorn every portion of the wondrous edifice.

The countless throng pressing from many entrances, with faces turned upward to the Idol, and with odorless flambeaux aloft in their right hands, chanted,

"Fire! Genial Fire! Glorious Fire!
Element of light! Hail, Father Sun!"

The flying companions had already taken their station in the space reserved around the Colossus, and near his feet.

Immortal.—"This has degenerated into Fire Worship—another form of Materialism. The wretches adore the emblems, but know not their meaning. Silence! Attention!!"

The people in awe put their left hands over their eyes, and kneel with bowed heads. All

the lights, large and small, become dim and wan; an ominous twilight prevails.

Immortal.—"Zoroaster, in the name of Light appear!"

The apparition of Zoroaster stands before them.

Immaterialized American.—"I have heard of him, but what of him?"

Immortal.—"Zoroaster or Zurdusht was a great thinker, who lived in primeval times; computed by Aristotle to be about six thousand years before the death of Plato. He was born in ancient Bactria. He was the founder of the Magian religion, which prevailed long before the Medo-Persian monarchy. His doctrines are set forth in the book called *Zendavesta*. The *first being* (according to that transcript) is denominated 'Time without bounds;' thus showing on the part of Zurdusht a vague perception of the Eternal One. His creed maintains that from the operation of this 'infinite Time,' the two active principles of the universe were produced from all eternity, Ormuzd (representing *good*) and Ahriman, (representing *evil*,) each disposed to exercise his *powers* of *creation* in different ways. The first formed man capable of virtue; the latter, changed into *darkness* from *light*, introduced evil."

"Zurdusht taught that, at the last day, Ormuzd would triumph."

American.—"I see. Zoroaster compared the *two principles* to Light and Darkness, and to each attributed *creative* power. And now that I reflect, I note that dual elements of some kind, material or spiritual, and associated with the idea of *good* and *evil*, are averred in most religious creeds. It is the great mystery!"

Immortal.—"Zurdusht, speak!"

Zoroaster.—"Death further opened my finite eyes. There are not *two discordant essences* nor TWO CREATIVE POWERS. The One God is the One Creator. He alone can solve the inscrutability of Evil."

The lights die out. Sounds cease. The temple disappears. Utter darkness ensues. A sudden murmured exclamation of wonder arises from countless beings, enshrouded in the night. The Heavens above have opened; an amazing glory of radiance shines through them, amid which "the great White Throne" and "He who sitteth thereon" are seen, and His resounding voice utters to the Universe: I AM THE LIGHT!

PART III.

THIS dream had one feature in common with ordinary dreams; parts of it were confused and fitful. But its unusual length and coherence were remarkable. It consisted of a series of vivid scenes and singular events in conformity with its general character and design. These were announced (a notable fact) in its outset, and sustained throughout (still more strange) in their appropriate relations.

The aerial *voyageurs* took a general view of the Ganges and its deltas. They paused to observe a Hindoo maiden, of the better *caste*, launch upon its waters, in her amative superstition, one of those small lights, votive to love and imagination, which floating down the stream would by its course, accidents and fate, indicate what might be the chequered destiny of her affections, or the fortunes of an absent lover. And they noticed her as a specimen of the delicate symmetry of form and sentient beauty of face, characteristic of southern Asia-

tic females. The dreamy expression of soul on her countenance enthralled the American. For a time he was human.

Geographical details but seldom attracted their attention. Their general consciousness was that of travelling at night; yet there was ever light enough when and where it was desired. The American conceived the mortal wish to view a scene from the highest mountains in the world. They were near the Himmalayas, and flew to their most commanding peak. It appeared to be a bright day, and all the sensations of sublime awe and admiration which a man could feel under such circumstances were realized. This experience was entirely distinct from any impressions produced during their usual aerial observations. The landscape seemed to comprise every variety of object, from the grandest and most startling, to the softest and most serene, and a delicious mellowing sublimated the enchantment.

Now, anon, they are looking down upon the Euphrates and the Tigris, and the classic slip of land between them. And in another moment a twilight envelopes them, a contemplative mood ensues; and, then, steals upon their consciousness the knowledge, inducing a singular awe or uneasiness, that they are hover-

ing over the Plain of Shinar. The biblical Babel, the confusion of tongues and the scattering of the nations crowd upon their reflection, and again immortal thoughts arise.

The disembodied remarks, "It is written that a drama occurred below, which, it appears to me, is as mysterious in its meaning as it is wonderful in its happening. The Divine frustration of the building of the Tower of Babel, as a rebuke to the presumption of man, in the light of an allegory, finds analogies in every day life. But, as a fact, it is classed among the miraculous. Which is it? The unity or variety of origin of the human race is a vexed question; and man's distinctiveness from other animals, especially in the characteristics of reason and immortality, may be regarded another. It has occurred to me that attributing the 'confusion of tongues' to the miraculous, may have been but an ancient priestly, as well as theoretic, pretext in favor of the doctrine of the unity of the human race. The Babel statement is a strange story of God's ways."

Immortal.—"Even to immortals, God's designs are not revealed, and in many respects His ways are inscrutable. The past may declare His nature, but never wholly His purposes. THE FUTURE IS HIS OWN. But as His

laws are unchangeable, inferences may be drawn by any being in proportion to his faculties and knowledge. Their gradations are as numerous as the stars. Nor is it permitted to *me* to declare to *you* in your mortal *status*, all I know in my immortal *status*. But the unity or variety of human origin is of no present importance. The differences of the human races, in language, color and structure, give assurance against their amalgamation and homogeneity on earth."

The dream assumes a new phase. In a grand hall, of shadowy sides, suspended in mid-air, the parties recline in voluptuous chairs.

It is as if fitted for exhibitions. A moving superb panorama passes before them, representing in their greatest glory, the following cities: Babylon, Nineveh, Thebes, Troy, Tyre, Jerusalem, Bagdad, Alexandria and Damascus. They alike saw them and seemed to be in them. It was a curious, instructive and wondrous display. A reverse movement of the picture then presented these cities or their sites as they are now. Their inhabitants at the different periods, in varied masses and actions, and male and female in every style and hue of Eastern costume and countenance, created a strange and absorbing interest. The

kaleidoscopic phases of human nature will ever challenge curiosity, excite observation and engender thoughts. The desire "to see and be seen" by our kind, has a more suggestive and philosophical source than mere vanity.

The winged adventurers of a night recross from Asia to Europe, traverse the famed Bosphorus, and reaching Constantinople, alight for a moment, each on a minaret of the mosque, (formerly church of St. Sophia,) the grandest temple to Mahomet and of the Turks. The view was grand, novel and crowded with objects and memorials. It was the most noted point on the line between the East and the West, and there were the remembrances and insignia of both. These philosophic observers had carefully noticed, of late, the influences and traces of men and events, systems and creeds, times and powers, from Alexander the Great, in his primary institution of commerce and in its mighty effects, down to the condition produced by the late struggle by Turkey, France and England on one side, against the aggressions of Russia and Northern hordes on the other.

With their usual facility they next visit the palace of the Sultan. Their presence surprised, but its character was deferred to and welcomed.

Turkish hospitality and courtesy are genial, when once enlisted. The Grand Vizier himself directed their entertainment near the person of his Majesty of the Crescent. In a stoical manner, but with liberal temper, they discussed with the guests matters of religion, government, social customs, moral subtleties and modern developments and tendencies. The preconceived ideas and prejudices of the American were greatly modified. The former Turk and Mohammedan of haughty bigotry, fierceness and the sword, had subsided into tolerance for the Christian, amity with the European, and deference to the civilization, learning and powers of the Caucasian race. Once the chief guardian and lookout on the ramparts of the ignorance, despotism and superstitions of the East, he now would open its portals to the more active spirit and mightier enlightenment of the West. All this was elicited and defined in the harmonious discussions that interluded the ceremonial observances.

The suite of apartments allotted to females in the larger dwelling-houses of the East (called the Harem) is a portion sacred to them and the head of the family, and forbidden to other masculine intrusion. But, for the winged spirits, there was no objection to their

admittance to even the imperial Seraglio. Upon the invitation of the Sultan, who led the way, they retired with him into the delicious abode of the Sultanas and lady favorites of that mysterious Court. Here for the first time gallantry so inspired the American that he bowed, kneeled—yes, salaam-ed! This choice collection of beautiful women, selected from beauties of different climes, and from races of the higher types, presented every species of female loveliness in form, feature and complexion. The Circassian prevailed in numbers and attractions.

A golden-haired blonde from the North, with seraphic blue eyes and lily skin, robust yet lithe and sprightly, was evidently the favorite of the Sultan. But in contrast with her style, yet equal in subtle fascination, reclined upon a divan in more haughty retiracy a tropical being, (a near relative of the Sultan,) in whose hair was the sheeny darkness of a thousand starry nights, on whose brunette cheek was the rose's richest red, and whose flashing black eyes and queenly figure were now in dreamy repose. But they grew animated on the entrance and in the presence of the party; and during their stay and devoirs, her look often rested on the American, "and eyes looked" affinity "to eyes

that spoke again." He became enthralled. His imagination conjectured in her the contrarient higher qualities of a Semiramis, a Cleopatra and a Zenobia. She filled it!

At an appropriate time, eunuchs from among the number in attendance, conducted the guests to private apartments. The American dreamed he slept and had a vision.

The warm radiance of Zulika's black eyes still thrill his soul with a loving passion. Mahomet, too, was associated with her in his thoughts. He calls upon him to come and take him among the celestial Houris—"the beautiful eyed—the black eyed." The apparition of Mahomet is suddenly seen; it somewhat startles, yet, also, composes his other excitement.

Mahomet.—"Brother disembodied! You are still human in your thoughts. Death alone can free you from them. Yet I know them; it is permitted to *me now to learn what transpires in the universe.* It is also vouchsafed to you, in your immaterialized state, to hold converse with the departed spirits, yes, even the Houris, as you request. Among other matters you wonder at the apparently inconsistent decrees I made in regard to wine and women, for my followers on earth. The inhibition of wine was for

the masses, who are largely composed of the inconsiderate and craving. Its use will induce the habit and disease of intoxication, which is fatal to mankind, especially in warm climates. Temperance should ever be a moral duty, and abstinence alone can secure it among the many. 'The joys of wine' are only for the prudent and thoughtful, and its healthful quality for the ill. It has its proper uses."

Disembodied.—"In this regard you were right, as an expounder."

Mahomet.—"In permitting polygamy and even concubinage to some, I reflected that as marriage would not be suitable or convenient or possible to a number of men, I would be making a needful, wise and saving provision for surplus women. The deprivation of wine, too, rendered it more salutary; man will have one, and if he can, both. My system was, also, designed to diminish promiscuous prostitution."

Disembodied.—"Clever excuse! But how will you defend the propagation of your creed by the sword?"

Mahomet.—"Mankind, so generally stolid or perverse in untoward ignorance or selfishness, will usually require more or less coercion in some shape, to be aroused into useful anima-

tion and effort, and to the pursuit of good and happiness. The sword, like necessity, stimulates; it is at times a great vivifier. It is even, occasionally, justice on a large and peculiar scale; it is for man and nations, what the rod is for the child."

Disembodied.—"Clever pretext, again! But you seem *now* to think that you were a better giver of law than of religion."

Mahomet.—"I was not a Prophet. I was right in but one religious dogma: the declaration of the one God. And of Him, man is to himself the most direct and proximate revelation. *Know thyself!* It is both duty and instruction. Come! sister spirits would confer with thee."

Disembodied American.—"But, oh, I would see more of *her* whom I met to-night."

Mahomet.—"She is your *affinity;* and when you are both freed from the earthly, you will abide together on some Olympus in the Illimitable. Let us to the Seventh Heaven!"

They sweep upward and onward, and on their passage see a vast and bright globe, (a star or sun,) many times larger than the Earth. There they see the souls of the most ignorant and obtuse of the dead, in their second stage of existence or ordeal of improvement. It is

the first Heaven. They proceed on by other worlds—all abodes of Spiritual Progression, and arrive at the seventh Heaven.

Mahomet.—"The more favored and self-elevating of Earth when they die, are at once transferred to the sphere most suited to them—some few even reaching the sixth Heaven, at the outset upon eternity. The seventh Heaven is the *first* abode of achieved Goodness and translucent Reason in the initial state of perfection. After and beyond that, these become identical with Knowledge, which I believe is eternally acquisitive and expansive. Here is my attainment through centuries. I began my after-death career in the third Heaven. Zoroaster his in the fourth. Confucius was permitted to pass the first, because of his great mind and good intent; but he was assigned to the second to learn there was a God and a Creator. Your travelling companion, who was never mortal, is beyond me, and I know not his origin. Here I will show you the most glorified women, who have come originally from earth."

On the globe at which they had arrived, there was, as on Earth, all variety of its own kinds or peculiarities.

The disembodied American was soon thrown

into social intercourse. The inhabitants appeared to have the human form glorified—called "the image of God." Here there was ideal beauty, infinitely varied like the flowers of earth. The females were of heavenly and indescribable loveliness. Their countenances beamed with sublimated purity and affection. They thronged around him as "administering angels." Their sweet voices accompanied the music of the spheres, and their swelling chorus joined the song of the morning stars, in the eternal anthem to the Most High.

Heavenly Houri.—"Mortal! Know that thy thought is vain, that the passions of the body —of the earth—are here in some riper and heaven-ized existence, and that their indulgence is but enhanced in pleasurable degree Here there is attraction—affinity—but it is of the soul."

Disembodied.—"Then there is no Love here! I mean the feeling peculiar to the sexes."

Houri.—"Yes. But there is no *material* desire. *The sexes are essentially complements of each other;* but these complements may differ in their substance and proportions. When they are counterparts of each other, then affinity is perfect. This affinity is *heavenly Love* and unalloyed happiness. Such a pair are the

Bride and Bridegroom of Eternity. Their children are the heavenly *thoughts* which spring from such affinity."

The startled brain of the visionist caused him to awake into his dream, and he saw his Immortal companion bending over him with a smile.

PART IV.

THE dream changes; the *voyageurs* are flying over Greece. This small but wondrous nation, so remarkable in the annals of mankind, and so full of historic and classic associations, was seen by them as in one view of its ancient and modern times, and of its geographic and art attractions under the illumination of genius and heroism, or in the twilight of mental and moral decadence.

The Immortal remarked, as it faded in the rear from their sight, "This favored land, emerging as it is, again, from the contact and influence of barbarism and moral depression, and with the native talents and sprightliness of its race, throwing off their frivolity and supineness, under the stimulating agencies of civilization now in contact with it, is once more destined to appropriate distinction."

American.—"And yonder is Venice! Its romance has ever excited and interested my imagination."

Immortal.—"Its history has been like a meteor; but in more ways than one: it has dashed into obscurity! It may be of continued interest as a locality and a city, but it can never, again, be a power."

Italia! Oh, Italia! with what emotions, evolved from considerations of the present as of the past, they approach thee! In a southerly sweep they note the position of the ancient Brundusium, and gaze upon Vesuvius, Pompeii and Naples. They move up the course of the "yellow Tiber," and at last, they hover over the "Eternal City." They descend into Rome! traverse its streets, visit its famed places and sanctuaries, examine its ruins, think of its noted dead, observe its new features and present people, and, more than all, ponder upon the meaning of its history, its situation and its attitude. It is not within the compass of this narrative to present the volume of feeling and thoughts of the sleeper. In the Vatican and in the fane of St. Peter's, as he did after in St. Paul's and in London, he ruminated on the religion of civilization, and on the new speculations of infidel philosophy. In the Coliseum he reflected upon the impulses and ways of the populace. In the Forum he analyzed the systems of law and the subtleties of eloquence.

In Senate halls he eliminated the science, the experiments, the élan of statesmanship, in both State and Church matters. Within the classic area of the Seven Hills, Man had exhibited every phase of his nature, inclination and power. Here Humanity had been borne upon every wave of destiny, and had travelled upon every highway and byway of fate, on earth. Rome is the epitome of the world's Past. Its mission is ended.

Moving northward the aerialists glance upon Pisa, Florence, Milan and Mantua, the Po and the Adige. To gratify the curiosity of the American, they divert and descend to the point where the Rubicon was passed, and he thinks of Cesar, and of all the so-called Cesars, down to the last Czar and Kaiser. They visit, also, the plain of Marengo, which assured in power and prestige the true successor to Cesar, as *he* had been to Alexander—the third that made a trio of the world's mental and imperial masters.

Inasmuch as the travellers were threading the animate gallery of the world, they gave but a glance at the art galleries of Italy. What was a marble Venus or Apollo—what was a painting of the Transfiguration or of a Madonna—what was the tower of Pisa or the

cathedral of Milan, in comparison with what they had seen!

Immortal.—"Italy is still nearer to national regeneration, power and influence than Greece. The full power of modern enlightenment will ere long be felt there."

American.—"The names of Cavour and Mazzini are already enrolled on the true roll of fame. And, too, the biographies of Rienzi and Lorenzo the Magnificent are peculiarly attractive."

This was said as they were observing the beauties of lakes Garda and Como. From thence they bent their pinions for Vienna. They circled it to view the fields made memorable by Sobieski and Napoleon. They enter it; and a cold and silvery twilight seemed to prevail as if its most consummate imperialism and refinement preferred the blinded and curtained *salons* of governmental and social civilization. In such palatial halls were its Court; and there the *finesse* of closet and boudoir intrigue had attained to its most exquisite development in this epoch. And the decorated white cloth coats of its costume delighted the eyes, but were significant of hypocrisy to the brain, of the American. Winged as he was, and probably because of it, he

found temptations addressed to both his head and heart. It was there thought that even angels could be corrupted "on earth as in heaven."

They seek the purer air of Switzerland and the Alps. They "did" Mont Blanc and the Simplon, slid upon an avalanche, looked upon Geneva and its lake, and thought of Tell, the Cantons, and Calvin. They next seat themselves in human style on the deck of a steamer, and make the trip of the ever disputable and picturesque Rhine. They dash off on wing to Brussels, and imagining they hear the "sounds of revelry by night" and "the cannon's opening roar," they ponder on Waterloo.

American.—"Now for the dear old cliffs of Albion. Oh, Great Britain and Ireland, land of my fathers, let me see thee!" Stretching their wings in full sympathy and in joyous flight across the Channel, they scan with loving and careful eye England, Scotland and Ireland. They take in their all and every part and place; and terminate their British tour in London. Everything indicated genuine maturity and stability. Both the material and spiritual developments proclaim solid sense and judicious cultivation. It is the only coun-

try in which the Past and Present seem to blend and harmonize.

There is a Royal levee at St. James palace, and there all appear royal. The British nobility and gentry! what a superb body of men and women! What glorious types of the mental and physical—what exemplars of education and refinement, character and tone! It is in Great Britain that industry, honesty and intellect have acquired gold; and gold has not debased but elevated humanity—has not disintegrated but cemented the social elements.

They were graciously received by Majesty; and they congratulated the Queen, not as sovereign, but as the royal representative of such a nation. Her peers, with calm satisfaction and cordial dignity, exclaimed, "That the just appreciation of the British people by native white Americans, involved the highest compliment to both."

The Lord Mayor took them in charge, visited with them the notable places and buildings of London, and à l'Anglaise, entertained them at a banquet. On the occasion the Premier, who was a guest, remarked in his speech: "Great Britain, at last, although a monarchy in name and form, is a republic in fact. Its government combines the more of

the advantages and the less of the disadvantages of the one-man power and of the many-power, than that of any other nation does. Hence it is, that the rights of the citizen equal those of even America, and are more practically protected and left in undisturbed satisfaction, politically and socially, than in any country in the world. There is more nominal but less real personal liberty in the United States than in England. Yet in these regards it is the just and proud boast and boon of these two nations, that their peoples alone can be called free."

American.—"Is it because popular opinion in America is a tyrant toward each individual, that Great Britain has the advantage in practical, if not theoretical liberty?"

Immortal.—"Yes. Settled law and not fluctuating opinion should govern and protect."

The good-byes are genial. While crossing the Straits of Dover for the Continent, the Immortal said with emphasis:

"The Anglo-Saxons everywhere furnish the best wives and mothers of your globe."

La Belle France! Inimitable Paris! what a medley of expectations attends upon visiting these centres of travel. They run the gamut of pleasure from the exhilarating boards of the

"light fantastic toe," to the arenas where learning and skill walk in solemn mental pomp, and genius essays its wings for loftier flights from the heights of knowledge. There the heart vibrates from all the phases of frivolity, through the glows of vanity, love and ambition, to the glamours of suicide.

They proceed to Versailles, and indulge in mocking criticisms upon its costly and useless structures and empirical history.

They surveyed with care, Paris and its environs. They thought of it as a communistic volcano or as the cradle of revolutions.

Immortal.—"Blessed is the person or nation, who has a Faith, however crude! But, in truth, the French have no faith of any stable or guiding kind. Nor do they permit themselves to be either calm enough to study or rational enough to understand the mission of Reason. They do not truly apply it to either religion or government. Their women are practically wiser than their men; in their domain of society the former *have* instituted a system of mere life. Both have some tangible notions on the art of living on earth. Neither think very coherently on the Beyond. Natural (not mental) Philosophy, in all its branches, is their most successful sphere. Their German rivals

surpass them in mental speculations and innocuous transcendentalisms."

They enter the Tuileries. The Emperor of the French expressed his keen appreciation of the objects of their grand and adventurous tour. With respectful earnestness he asked many questions in regard to it; especially in relation to political developments. In reply to a question by the American in reference to the assumptions of his own dynasty, he asseverated that it was a Napoleonic conception, maxim and design, "that the virtues and rights of the people could and should be asserted under the one-man *representative* power—that Imperialism and Republicanism could be identicalized in and under governmental action. That no other kind of government either suited or would satisfy the French. And that he ever studied Great Britain and the United States as among the leading examples before him, in devising the measures of his action and the formulas of his policy."

He, also, assigned this as a reason why he and his uncle had not been favored by the old imperial or royal régimes. His Empress, the lovely Eugenie, was marked in her gracious deference, and uttered some angelic sentiments in support of her husband's theory.

At Court the ethereal party received the attentions of the *savans* of the world's scientific metropolis, and with them visited their meeting. Abstruse topics were discussed In reply to an inquiry upon electricity, the Immortal intimated "that, although it was not his province to discuss the connection between mind and matter, or to expound what agency magnetism had in relation to it, yet as the brain and body of man were a series of electric batteries, and electricity a fluid that pervaded the earth, it would in time, by an effort of the will, and by an action of the human body under and in certain conditions, become a medium of thought and converse between any two persons at different spots on the earth."

American.—"Will they hold conversations as if in a tête-à-tête ?"

Immortal.—"Yes. Without using language, Americans will thus converse with Chinese."

They visited in the *Invalides* the Tomb of Napoléon le Grand. Before it the American was irresistibly affected by the awe, wonder and curiosity, which may be felt for the majesty of mind.

The travellers now proceed to Bordeaux; where, seated in a *salon*, and the American being thirsty, the best brandy and claret are set

before them. They taste them with relish, and discuss their merits.

Suddenly the Disembodied exclaims, "Day is approaching, I must return to my body. Let us fly."

They once more essay the aerial passage of the Atlantic. At the instance of the Spirit of Morphine, who suggested that they had time for a swoop to south of the Equator, and for a view of the constellation of the Southern Cross, the American, who affected astronomy, readily assented. They whirl southward, see it, and repass "the Line." They enter the United States at Savannah, and soon reach the abode of the sleeper in the upper part of South Carolina. His spirit enters his chamber through the window and glides into his body, when he experiences a sense of relief as to its safety, and of satisfaction in his wondrous trip. He nestles in comfort of thought and matter, and —AWAKES!

The day has dawned, and soon the rays of the rising sun greet his mortal eyes. During that day he spoke of the dream, and was pale and excited. This dream occurred in the early part of January, 1868, and lasted between nine and ten hours.